THE HISTORIE OF ORLANDO FVRIOSO, *ONE OF THE TVVELVE* PEERES OF FRANCE.

As it was playd before the Queenes Maieſtie.

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THE

HISTORICAL

ORLANDO FURIOSO,

ONE OF THE TWELVE

PERERS OF FRANCE.

THE HISTORIE OF *ORLANDO FVRIOSO*, ONE OF THE TWELVE Peeres of France.

Enter Marſillus the Emperour of Affrica, and Angelica his daughter, the Soldane, the King of Cuba, Mandrecard, Brandemart, Orlando, Countie Sacrepant with others.

Marſillus.

Victorious Princes ſummon'd to appeare
Within the Continent of Affrica,
From ſeuenfold Nilus to Taprobany,
Where faire Apollo darting foorth his
Playes on the Seas. (light
From Gadis Ilands where ſtoute Hercules,
Imblaſde his Trophees on two poſts ofbraſſe,
To Tanais whoſe ſwift declining flouds,
Inuirons rich Europa to the North,

All fetcht from out your Courtes by beauty to this Coaſt,
To ſeeke and ſue for faire Angelica.
Sith none but one muſt haue this happie prize,
At which you all haue leuel'd long your thoughts:
Set each man forth his paſſions how he can,
And let her Cenſure make the happieſt man.

Souldan.

The faireſt flowre that glories Affrica,
Whoſe beautie Phœbus dares not daſh with ſhowres,
Ouer whoſe Clymate neuer hung a cloude,
But ſmiling Tytan lights the Oryzon:
Egypt is mine and there I hold my ſtate,
Seated in Cairye and in Babylon;
From thence the matchleſſe beautie of Angelica,
Whoſe hiew as bright as are thoſe ſiluer Doues,
That wanton Venus manth vpon her fiſt,
Forſt me to croſſe and cut th'Atlanticke Seas,
To ouerſearch the fearefull Ocean,
Where I arriu'd to eternize with my Launce,
The matchleſſe beautie of faire Angelica.
Nor tilt, nor turnay, but my Speare and ſhield,
Reſounding on their Creſts and ſturdy Helmes,
Topt high with Plumes, like Mars his Burgonet,
In chaſing on their Curats with my blade,
That none ſo faire, as faire Angelica.
But leauing theſe ſuch glories as they be,
I loue, my Lord, let that ſuffice for me.

Rodamant.

Rodamant.

Cuba my ſeate, a Region ſo inricht,
With fauours ſparkling from the ſmiling heauens,
As thoſe that ſeeke for trafficke to my Coaſt,
Accounted like that wealthy Paradice,
From whence floweth Gyhon and ſwift Euphrates:
The earth within her bowels hath inwrapt,
As in the maſſie ſtorehouſe of the world,
Millions of gold as bright as was the ſhowre,
That wanton Ioue ſent downe to Danae:
Marching from thence to manage armes abroade,
I paſt the triple parted Regiment,
That froward Saturne gaue vnto his ſonnes,
Erecting Statutes of my Chiualrie,
Such and ſo braue as neuer Hercules
Vowd for the loue of louely Iole:
But leauing theſe ſuch glories as they be,
I loue, my Lord, let that ſuffice for me.

Mandrecard.

And I, my Lord, am Mandrecard of Mexico,
Whoſe Clymate fairer then Tyberius,
Seated beyond the ſea of Trypoly,
And richer then the plot Heſperides,
Or that ſame Ile wherein Vlyſſes loue
Luld in her lap the yong Telegone,
That did but Venus tread a dayntie ſtep,
So would ſhe like the land of Mexico,

As Paphos and braue Cypres set aside,
With me sweete louely Venus would abide.
From thence mounted vpon a Spanish Barke,
Such as transported Iason to the fleece:
Come from the South, I furrowed Neptunes Seas,
Northeast as far as is the frosen Rhene,
Leauing faire Voya crost vp Danuby,
As hie as Saba whose inhaunsing streames,
Cuts twixt the Tartares and the Russians:
There did I act as many braue attempts,
As did Pirothous for his Proserpine.
But leauing these such glories as they be,
I loue my Lord, let that suffice for me.

Brandemart.

The bordering Ilands seated here in ken,
Whose shores are sprinkled with rich Orient Pearle,
More bright of hiew then were the Margarets,
That Cæsar found in wealthy Albion,
The sands of Tagus all of burnisht gold,
Made Thetis neuer prouder on the Clifts,
That ouerpiere the bright and golden shore,
Then doe the rubbish of my Country Seas:
And what I dare, let say the Portingale,
And Spaniard tell, who mand with mightie Fleetes,
Came to subdue my Ilands to their King,
Filling our seas with stately Argosies,
Caluars, and Magars, hulkes of burden great,

Which Brandemart rebated from his coaſt,
And ſent them home ballaſt with little wealth.
But leauing theſe ſuch glories as they be,
I loue my Lord, let that ſuffice for me.

Orlando.

Lords of the South, and Princes of eſteeme,
Viceroyes vnto the ſtate of Affrica:
I am no king, yet am I princely borne,
Deſcended from the royall houſe of France,
And nephew to the mightie Charlemaine,
Surnamde Orlando the Countie Palatine.
Swift fame that ſounded to our Weſterne ſeas
The matchles beautie of Angelica,
Fairer then was the Nimph of Mercurie,
Who when bright Phœbus mounteth vp his coach,
And tracts Aurora in her ſiluer ſteps,
And ſprinkles from the folding of her lap,
White lilies roſes and ſweet violets.
Yet thus beleeue me, Princes of the South,
Although my countries loue dearer then pearle,
Or mynes of golde might well haue kept me backe;
The ſweete conuerſing with my King and friends,
(Left all for loue) might well haue kept me backe;
The Seas by Neptune hoyſed to the heauens,
Whoſe dangerous flawes might well haue kept me backe
The ſauage Moores and Anthropagei
Whoſe lands I paſt might wel haue kept me backe;

The doubt of entertainement in the Court
When I arriu'de, might well haue kept me backe;
But so the fame of faire Angelica,
Stampt in my thoughts the figure of her loue,
As neither Countrey, King, or Seas, or Cannibals,
Could by despairing keepe Orlando backe.
I list not boast in acts of Chiualrie,
(An humour neuer fitting with my minde)
But come there forth the proudest Champion
That hath suspition in the Palatine,
And with my trustie sword Durandell
Single, Ile register vpon his helme,
What I dare doe for faire Angelica.
But leauing these, such glories as they be;
I loue, my Lord.
Angelica her selfe shall speake for me. (alleadgd,
Marsillus. Daughter, thou hear'st what loue hath here
How all these kings by beautie summon'd here,
Put in their pleas for hope of Diademe,
Of noble deedes, of wealth and chiualrie,
All hoping to possesse Angelica.
Sith fathers will may hap to ayme amisse,
(For parents thoughts in loue oft step awry)
Chuse thou the man who best contenteth thee,
And he shall weare the Affrycke Crowne next me:
For trust me daughter, like of whome thou please,
Thou satisfide, my thoughts shall be at ease.
Angelica. Kings of the South, Viceroyes of Affrica,

Sith

Sith fathers will hangs on his daughters choyce,
And I as earſt Princeſſe Andromache,
Seated amidſt the crue of Priams ſonnes,
Haue libertie to chuſe where beſt I loue;
Muſt freely ſay, for fancie hath no fraud,
That farre vnworthy is Angelica
Of ſuch as deigne to grace her with their loues.
The Souldan with his ſeate in Babylon,
The Prince of Cuba and of Mexico,
Whoſe wealthy Crownes might win a womans wil;
Yong Brandemart maſter of all the Iles,
Where Neptune planted hath his treaſurie:
The worſt of theſe men of ſo high import,
As may command a greater Dame then I.
But Fortune or ſome deepe inſpiring fate,
Venus or els the baſtard brat of Mars,
Whoſe bowe commands the motions of the minde,
Hath ſent proud loue to enter ſuch a plea,
As nonſutes all your Princely euidence,
And flat commands that maugre maieſtie,
I chuſe Orlando, Countie Palatine.

Rodam. How likes Marſillus of his daughters choice?

Marſillus. As fits Marſillus of his daughters ſpouſe.

Rodamant. Highly thou wrong'ſt vs, King of Affrica,
To braue thy neighbour Princes with diſgrace,
To tye thine honour to thy daughters thoughts,
Whoſe choyce is like that Greekiſh giglots loue,
That left her Lord, Prince Menelaus,

And with a ſwaine made ſcape away to Troy.
What is Orlando, but a ſtragling mate,
Baniſht for ſome offence by Charlemaine,
Skipt from his countrey as Anchiſes ſonne,
And meanes as he did to the Carthage Queene,
To pay her ruth and ruine for her loue?
Orlando. Iniurious Cuba, ill it fits thy gree,
To wrong a ſtranger with diſcurteſie.
Wert not the ſacred preſence of Angelica
Preuailes with me (as Venus ſmiles with Mars)
To ſet a *Superſedeas* of my wrath,
Soone ſhould I teach thee what it were to braue.
Mandre. And Frenchman, wert not againſt the lawe of Armes,
In place of parly for to draw a ſword,
Vntaught companion, I would learne you know
What duetie longs to ſuch a Prince as he.
Orlando. Then as did Hector, fore Achilles Tent,
Trotting his Courſer ſoftly on the plaines,
Proudly darde forth the ſtouteſt youth of Greece:
So who ſtands hieſt in his owne conceite,
And thinkes his courage can performe the moſt,
Let him but throw his gaunlet on the ground,
And I will pawne my honour to his gage,
He ſhall e're night be met and combated.
Marſillus. Shame you not, Princes, at this bad agree,
To wrong a ſtranger with diſcurteſie?
Beleeue me, Lords, my daughter hath made choyce,
And maugre him that thinkes him moſt agrieu'd

She

She ſhall enioy the Countie Palatine.
Brandem. But would theſe Princes follow my aduice,
And enter Armes as did the Greekes gainſt Troy;
Nor he nor thou ſhouldeſt haue Angelica.
Rodamant. Let him be thought a daſtard to his death,
That will not ſell the trauels he hath paſt,
Dearer then for a womans fooleries.
What ſayes the mightie Mandrecard?
Mandre. I vow to hie me home to Mexico,
To troope my ſelfe with ſuch a crew of men,
As ſhall ſo fill the downes of Affrica
Like to the plaines of waterie Theſſalie,
When as an Eaſterne gale whiſtling aloft,
Had ouerſpred the ground with graſhoppers.
Then ſee, Marſillus, if the Palatine
Can keepe his Loue from falling to our lots,
Or thou canſt keepe thy Countrey free from ſpoile.
Marſil. Why, thinke you, Lords, with hautie menaces
To dare me out within my Pallace gates?
Or hope you to make conqueſt by conſtraint
Of that which neuer could be got by loue?
Paſſe from my Court, make haſte out of my land,
Stay not within the bounds Marſillus holds;
Leaſt little brooking theſe vnfitting braues,
My cholar ouer-ſlip the law of Armes,
And I inflict reuenge on ſuch abuſe.
Rodam. Ile beard and braue thee in thy proper towne,
And here inskonce my ſelfe deſpite of thee,

And hold thee play till Mandrecard returne.
What sayes the mightie Souldan of Egypt?
Sould. That when Prince Menelaus with all his mates,
Had ten yeeres held their siege in Asia,
Folding their wraths in cinders of faire Troy:
Yet for their Armes grew by conceit of loue,
Their Trophees was but conquest of a girle:
Then trust me Lords Ile neuer manage armes,
For womens loues that are so quickly lost.
Brandem. Tush, my Lords, why stand you vpon termes?
Let vs to our Skonce, and you my Lord to Mexico.

Exeunt Kings.

Orlando. I, sirs, inskonce ye how you can,
See what we dare, and thereon set your rest.

Exeunt omnes.

Manet Sacrepant and his man.

Sacrepant. Boast not too much, Marsillus in thy selfe,
Nor of contentment in Angelica;
For Sacrepant must haue Angelica,
And with her Sacrepant must haue the Crowne:
By hooke or crooke I must and will haue both.
Ah, sweet Reuenge, incense their angry mindes,
Till all these Princes weltring in their bloods,
The Crowne doe fall to Countie Sacrepant.
Sweet are the thoughts that smother from conceit:
For when I come and set me downe to rest,
My chaire presents a throne of maiestie:
And when I set my bonnet on my head,

Me

Me thinkes I fit my forehead for a Crowne:
And when I take my trunchion in my fiſt,
A Scepter then comes tumbling in my thoughts.
My dreames are Princely, all of Diademes;
Honour: me thinkes the title is too baſe.
Mightie, glorious and excellent:
I theſe, my glorious Genius, ſound within my mouth;
Theſe pleaſe the eare, and with a ſweet applauſe,
Make me in termes coequall with the gods.
Then theſe Sacrepant, and none but theſe.
And theſe or elſe make hazard of thy life.
Let it ſuffice, I will conceale the reſt.
Sirra.

Man. My Lord.

Sacre. My Lord? How baſely was this ſlaue brought vp,
That knowes no titles fit for dignitie,
To grace his maſter with Hyperboles?
My Lord? Why the baſeſt Baron of faire Affryca
Deſerues as much: yet Countie Sacrepant,
Muſt he a ſwaine ſalute with name of Lord?
Sirra, what thinkes the Emperour of my colours,
Becauſe in fielde I weare both blewe and red at once?

Man. They deeme, my Lord, your honour liues at peace,
As one that's newter in theſe mutinies,
And couets to reſt equall friend to both:
Neither enuious to Prince Mandrecard,
Nor wiſhing ill vnto Marſillus;
That you may ſafely paſſe where er'e you pleaſe,

With friendly salutations from them both.
Sacrepant. I, so they gesse, but leuell farre awry,
For if they knew the secrets of my thoughts,
Mine Embleme sorteth to another sense.
I weare not these as one resolu'd to peace,
But blue and red as enemie to both.
Blue, as hating King Marsillus;
And red, as in reuenge to Mandrecard:
Foe vnto both, friend onely to my selfe,
And to the Crowne, for that's the golden marke,
Which makes my thoughts dreame on a Diademe.
Seest thou not all men presage I shall be King?
Marsillus sends to me for peace,
Mandrecard puts off his cap ten mile off:
Two things more, and then I cannot misse the Crowne.
Man. O, what be those, my good Lord?
Sacrep. First must I get the loue of faire Angelica.
Now am I full of amorous conceits,
Not that I doubt to haue what I desire,
But how I might best with mine honour woo,
Write, or intreate: fie that fitteth not,
Send by Ambassadours: no that's too base.
Flatly command; I that's for Sacrepant:
Say thou art Sacrepant, and art in loue,
And who in Affrica dare say the Countrie nay?
O Angelica, fairer then Chloris when in all her pride
Bright Mayas sonne intrapt her in the net,
Wherewith Vulcan intangled the god of warre.

Man.

Man. Your honour is so far in contẽplation of Angelica, As you haue forgot the second in attaining to the Crowne.

Sacrep. Thats to be done by poyson, prowesse, or any meanes of treachery to put to death the traitrous Orlando. But who is this comes here? Stand close.

Enter Orgalio, Orlandos Page.

Orgalio. I am sent on imbassage, to the right mightie and magnificent: *alias*, the right proud and pontificall, the Countie Sacrepant. For Marsilius and Orlando, knowing him to be as ful of prowesse as policie, and fearing least in leaning to the other faction, he might greatly preiudice them, they seeke first to hold the candle before the deuill: and knowing him to be a Thrasonicall mad-cap, they haue sent mee a Gnathonicall companion, to giue him lettice fit for his lips. Now sir, knowing his astronomicall humours, as one that gazeth so high at the stars, as he neuer looketh on the pauement in the streetes. But whist, *Lupus est in fabula.*

Sacrepant. Sirra, thou that ruminatest to thy selfe a Catalogue of priuie conspiracies, what art thou?

Orgalio. God saue your Maiestie.

Sacrepant. My Maiestie? come hither my well nutrimented knaue, whom takest thou me to be?

Orgalio. The mightie Madricard of Mexico.

Sacrepant. I holde these salutations as ominous: For saluting mee by that which I am not, he presageth what I shall bee, for so did the Lacedemonians by Agathocles, who of a base potter, wore the Kingly

Diadem, but why deemeſt thou me to be the mightie
Mandrecard of Mexico?
Orgalio. Marie ſir.
Sacrepant. Stay there, wert thou neuer in France?
Orgalio. Yes, if it pleaſe your Maieſtie.
Sacrepant. So it ſeemes, for there they ſalute their King
by the name of Sir, Mounſier, but forward.
Orgalio. Such ſparkes of peereleſſe maieſtie,
From thoſe lookes flame like lightning from the Eaſt,
As either Madrecard, or els ſome greater Prince.
Sacre. Me thinkes theſe ſalutations make my thoughts
To be heroicall. But ſay, to whome art thou ſent?
Orgalio. To the Countie Sacrepant.
Sacre. Why, I am he.
Orgalio. It pleaſeth your maieſtie to ieſt.
Sacre. What e're I ſeeme, I tell thee I am he.
Orgalio. Then may it pleaſe your honour:
The Emperour Marſillus, together with his daughter
Angelica and Orlando, entreateth your Excellencie
To dine with them.
Sacre. Is Angelica there?
Orgalio. There, my good Lord.
Sacre. Sirra.
Man. My Lord.
Sacrep. Villaine, Angelica ſends for me.
See that thou entertaine that happie meſſenger,
And bring him in with thee.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Orlando, the Duke of Aquitaine, the Countie Rosilion with souldiers.

Orlando. Princes of France, the sparkling light of fame,
Whose glories brighter then the burnisht gates,
From whence Latonas lordly sonne doth march,
When mounted on his coach tinseld with flames,
He triumphs in the beautie of the heauens.
This is the place where Rodamant lies hid:
Here lyes he like the theefe of Thessaly,
Which scuds abroad, and searcheth for his pray;
And being gotten straight he gallops home,
As one that dares not breake a speare in field.
But trust me, Princes, I haue girt his fort,
And I will sacke it, or on this Castle wall
Ile write my resolution with my blood.
Therefore, drum, sound a parle.

Sound a parle, and one comes on the wals.

Sol. Who is't that troubleth our sleepes?

Orlando. Why, sluggard, seest thou not Lycanos sonne
The hardie plough-swaine vnto mightie Ioue,
Hath traced his siluer furrowes in the heauens,
And turning home his ouer-watched teeme,
Giues leaue vnto Apollos Chariot?
I tell thee, sluggard, sleepe is farre vnfit
For such as still haue hammering in their heads,
But onely hope of honour and Reuenge.
These cald me forth to rouse thy master vp.
Tell him from me, false coward as he is,

That Orlando the Countie Palatine,
Is come this morning with a band of French,
To play him hunts-vp with a point of warre.
Ile be his minstrell with my drum and fife:
Bid him come forth, and dance it if he dare,
Let Fortune throw her fauours where she list.
Sol. French-man, betweene halfe sleeping and awake,
Although the mystie vaile straind ouer Cinthia,
Hinders my sight from noting all thy crue:
Yet for I know thee and thy straggling groomes
Can in conceite builde Castles in the Skie:
But in your actions like the stammering Greeke,
Which breathes his courage bootelesse in the ayre,
I wish thee well Orlando: get thee gone,
Say that a Centynell did suffer thee:
For if the Round or Court of Gard should heare
Thou or thy men were braying at the walles,
Charles wealth the wealth of all his Westerne mynes,
Found in the mountaines of Transalpine France,
Might not pay ransome to the King for thee.
Orlando. Braue Centynell, if nature had inchast
A sympathie of Courage to thy tale,
And like the Champion of Andromache,
Thou, or thy master dare come out the gates,
Maugre the Watch, the Round or Court of gard,
I will attend to abide the coward here.
If not, but still the crauen sleepes secure,
Pitching his gard within a trench of stones;

Tell him his walles ſhall ſerue him for no proofe,
But as the ſonne of Saturne in his wrath
Paſht all the mountaines at Typheus head,
And topſie turuie turnd the bottome vp,
So ſhall the Caſtle of proud Rodamant:
And ſo, braue Lords of France, lets to the fight.

Exeunt omnes.

Allarum. Rodomant and Brandemart flee.

Enter Orlando with his coate.

Orlando. The Foxe is ſcapte, but heres his caſe:
I miſt him neere, t'was time for him to trudge.
How now, my Lord of Aquitaine?

Aqui. My Lord, the court of gard is put vnto the ſword,
And all the watch that thought themſelues ſo ſure,
So that not one within the Caſtle breathes.

Orl. Come thē, lets poſte amaine to finde out Rodamāt,
And then in tryumph march vnto Marſillus.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Medor and Angelica.

Angelica. I maruaile, Medor, what my father meanes
To enter league with Countie Sacrepant?

Medor. Madam, the king your father's wiſe inough,
He knowes the Countie (like to Caſsius)
Sits ſadly dumping, ayming Ceſars death,
Yet crying Aue to his Maieſtie.

But, Madame, marke a while, and you ſhall ſee,
Your Father ſhake him off from ſecrecie.
Angelica. So much I geſſe, for when he wild I ſhould
Giue entertainment to the doating Earle,
His ſpeach was ended with a frowning ſmile.
Medor. Madame, ſee where he comes; Ile be gone.
Exit Medor.

Enter Sacrepant and his man.

Sacrepant. How fares my faire Angelica?
Angelica. Well, that my Lord ſo friendly is in league
(As honour wils him) with Marſillus.
Sacre. Angelica, ſhall I haue a word or two with thee?
Angelica. What pleaſeth my Lord for to command.
Sacrepant. Then know, my loue, I cānot paint my grief,
Nor tell a tale of Venus and her ſonne,
Reporting ſuch a Catalogue of toyes.
It fits not Sacrepant to be effeminate,
Only giue leaue, my faire Angelica,
To ſay, the Countie is in loue with thee.
Angelica. Pardon, my Lord, my loues are ouer-paſt,
So firmely is Orlando printed in my thoughts,
As loue hath left no place for any els.
Sacrep. Why, ouer-weening Damſel, ſeeſt thou not,
Thy lawleſſe loue vnto this ſtragling mate,
Hath fild our Affricke Regions full of blood?
And wilt thou ſtill perſeuer in thy loue?
Tuſh, leaue the Palatine, and goe with me.
Angel. Braue Countie, know, where ſacred loue vnites

The knot of Cordion at the ſhrine of Ioue,
Was neuer halfe ſo hard or intricate,
As be the bands which louely Venus tyes.
Sweete is my loue: and for I loue my Lord,
Seeke not vnleſſe as Alexander did,
To cut the plough-ſwaines traces with thy ſword,
Or ſlice the ſlender fillets of my life:
Or elſe, my Lord, Orlando muſt be mine.
Sacrepant. Stand I on loue? Stoop I to Venus lure,
That neuer yet did feare the god of warre?
Shall men report that Countie Sacrepant
Held louers paines for pining paſſions?
Shall ſuch a Syren offer me more wrong,
Then they did to the Prince of Ithaca?
No: as his eares, ſo Countie ſtop thine eye.
Goe to your needle (Lady) and your clouts.
Goe to ſuch milk-ſops as are fit for loue:
I will imploy my buſie braines for warre.
Angelica. Let not my Lords deniall breede offence,
Loue doeth allow her fauours but to one,
Nor can there ſit within the ſacred ſhrine
Of Venus, more then one inſtalled heart.
Orlando is the Gentleman I loue,
And more then he, can not inioy my loue.
Sacrep. Damſell, be gon, fancie hath taken leaue;
Where I tooke hurt, there haue I heal'd my ſelfe,
As thoſe that with Achilles launce were wounded,
Fetcht help at ſelfe ſame poynted ſpeare.

Beautie gan braue, and beautie hath repulſe:
And beautie get ye home to your Orlando.

Exit Angelica.

Man. My Lord, hath loue amated him, whoſe thoughts
Haue euer bene heroicall and braue?
Stand you in dumpes like to the Mirmydon,
Trapt in the treſſes of Polixena,
Who amid the glorie of his chiualrie,
Sat daunted with a maid of Aſia?

Sacre. Thinkſt thou my thoughts are lunacies of loue?
No, they are brands fier'd in Plutoes forge,
Where ſits Tſiphone tempering in flames
Thoſe torches that doe ſet on fire Reuenge.
I lou'd the dame, but brau'd by her repulſe,
Hate cals me on to quittance all my ils:
Which firſt muſt come by offering preiudice
Vnto Orlando her beloued Loue.

Man. O, how may that be brought to paſſe, my Lord?

Sacre. Thus. Thou ſeeſt that Medor and Angelica
Are ſtill ſo ſecret in their priuate walkes,
As that they trace the ſhadie lawndes,
And thickeſt ſhadowed groues;
Which well may breed ſuſpition of ſome loue.
Now then the French no Nation vnder heauen
Is ſooner toucht with ſtings of ieloſie.

Man. And what of that, my Lord?

Sacre. Hard by, for ſolace in a ſecret groue,
The Countie once a day fayles not to walke:

There

There ſolemnely he ruminates his loue.
Vpon thoſe ſhrubs that compaſſe in the ſpring,
And on thoſe trees that border in thoſe walkes,
Ile ſlily haue engrau'n on euery barke
The names of Medor and Angelica.
Hard by, Ile haue ſome roundelayes hung vp,
Wherein ſhall be ſome poſies of their loues,
Fraughted ſo full of fierie paſsions,
As that the Countie ſhall perceiue by proofe,
Medor hath won his faire Angelica.
Man. Is this all, my Lord? (cloathde,
Sacrepant. No. For thou, like to a ſhepheard ſhalt bee
With ſtaffe and bottle like ſome countrey ſwaine,
That tends his flockes feeding vpon theſe downes.
There ſee thou buzze into the Counties eares,
That thou haſt often ſeene within theſe woods
Baſe Medor ſporting with Angelica.
And when he heares a ſhepheards ſimple tale,
He will not thinke t'is fainde.
Then either a madding moode will end his loue,
Or worſe betide him, through fond ieloſie. (heard.
Man. Excellent. My Lord, ſee how I wil play the ſhep-
Sacre. And marke thou how I will play the caruer;
Therefore be gone, and make thee readie ſtraight.

Exit his man.

Sacrepant hangs vp the Roundelayes on the trees, and then goes out, and his man enters like a Shepheard.

Shep. Thus all alone and like a ſhepheards ſwaine,
As Paris (when Oenone lou'd him well)
Forgot he was the ſonne of Priamus,
All clad in gray ſate piping on a reed;
So I transformed to this countrey ſhape,
Haunting theſe groues to worke my maſters will,
To plague the Palatine with ieloſie,
And to conceite him with ſome deepe extreame.
Here comes the man vnto his wonted walke.

Enter Orlando and his page Orgalio.

Orlando. Orgalio, goe ſee a Centernell be plac'd,
And bid the ſouldiers keepe a Court of gard,
So to hold watch till ſecret here alone,
I meditate vpon the thoughts of loue.
Orgalio. I will, my Lord.

Exit Orgalio.

Orlan. Faire Queene of loue, thou miſtris of delight,
Thou gladſome lampe that waitſt on Phœbes traine.
Spreading thy kindenes through the iarring Orbes,
That in their vnion prayſe thy laſting powers.
Thou that haſt ſtaid the fierie Phlegons courſe,
And madeſt the Coach-man of the glorious waine
To droope, in view of Daphnes excellence.
Faire pride of morne, ſweete beautie of the Euen,
Looke on Orlando languiſhing in loue.
Sweete ſolitarie groues, whereas the Nymphes

With

With pleaſance laugh to ſee the Satyrs play;
Witnes Orlandoes faith vnto his loue.
Tread ſhe theſe lawnds, kinde Flora boaſt thy pride;
Seeke ſhe for ſhades, ſpread Cedars for her ſake,
Faire Flora make her couch amidſt thy flowers,
Sweet Chriſtall ſprings, waſh ye with roſes
When ſhe longs to drinke. Ah, thought my heauen,
Ah heauen that knowes my thought.
Smile ioy, in her that my content hath wrought.
Shep. The heauen of loue is but a pleaſant hel,
Where none but fooliſh wiſe impriſned dwell.
Orlan. Orlando, what contrarious thoughts be theſe,
That flocke with doubtfull motions in thy minde?
Heauen ſmiles, and trees do boaſt their ſummers pride.
What? Venus writes her tryumphes here beſide.
Shep. Yet when thine eye hath ſeene, thy heart ſhal rue
The tragicke chance that ſhortly ſhall inſue.

Orlando readeth.

Orlan. Angelica. Ah, ſweete and heauenly name,
Life to my life, and eſſence to my ioy.
But ſoft, this Gordion knot together counites
A Medor partener in her peereleſſe loue.
Vnkinde: and will ſhe bend her thoughts to change?
Her name, her writing? Ah fooliſh and vnkind.
No name of hers; vnleſſe the brookes relent
To heare her name, and Rhodanus vouchſafe

To raiſe his moyſtned lockes from out the reedes,
And flow with calme alongſt his turning bounds:
No name of hers, vnleſſe Zephyrus blowe
Her dignities alongſt Ardenia woods;
Where all the world for wonders do awaite.
And yet her name; for why Angelica:
But mixt with Medor, not Angelica.
Onely by me was lou'd Angelica,
Onely for me muſt liue Angelica.
I finde her drift, perhaps the modeſt pledge
Of my content, hath with a ſecret ſmile
And ſweet diſguiſe reſtraind her fancie thus,
Figuring Orlando vnder Medors name:
Fine drift (faire Nymph) Orlando hopes no leſſe.

He ſpies the Roundelayes.

Yet more are Muſes masking in theſe trees,
Framing their ditties in conceited lines,
Making a Goddeſſe in deſpite of me,
That haue no other but Angelica.

Shep. Poore haples man, theſe thoughts containe thy hel.

Orlando reades this Roundelay.

Angelica is Lady of his heart,
Angelica is ſubſtance of his ioy,
Angelica is medcine of his ſmart,
Angelica hath healed his annoy.

Orland. Ah falſe Angelica. What haue we more?

Another.

Let groues, let rockes, let woods, let watrie ſprings,
The Cedar, Cypreſſe, Laurell, and the Pine,
Ioy in the notes of loue that Medor ſings,
Of thoſe ſweete lookes Angelica of thine.
Then Medor in Angelica take delight,
Early, at morne, at noone, at euen and night.

Orlando. What, dares Medor court my Venus?
What may Orlando deeme?
Aetna forſake the boundes of Sicily,
For now in me thy reaſtles flames appeare,
Refu'd, contemn'd, diſdain'd: what worſe then theſe?
Orgalio.

Orgalio. My Lord.

Orl. Boy, view theſe trees carued with true loue knots,
The inſcription Medor and Angelica:
And read theſe verſes hung vp of their loues.
Now tell me, boy, what doeſt thou thinke? (man.

Orga. By my troth, my Lord, I thinke Angelica is a wo-

Orlando. And what of that?

Orgalio. Therefore vnconſtant, mutable, hauing their loues hanging in their eye-lids; that as they are got with a looke, ſo they are loſt againe with a winke.
But heres a Shepheard, it may be he can tell vs newes.

Orlando. What meſſenger hath Ate ſent abroad,
With idle lookes to liſten my laments?
Sirra, who wronged happie Nature ſo,

To ſpoile theſe trees with this Angelica?
Yet in her name (Orlando) they are bleſt.
Shep. I am a ſhepheard ſwaine, thou wandring Knight,
That watch my flockes, not one that follow loue. (uen,
Orlan. As follow loue? why darſt thou diſpraiſe my hea-
Or once diſgrace or preiudice her name?
Is not Angelica the Queene of loue?
Deckt with the compound wreath of Adons flowers
She is.
Then ſpeake thou peaſant, what is he that dares
Attempt to court my Queene of loue?
Or I ſhall ſend thy ſoule to Charons charge.
Shep. Braue Knight, ſince feare of death inforceth ſtill
In greater mindes ſubmiſſion and relent:
Know that this Medor, whoſe vnhappie name
Is mixed with the faire Angelicas,
Is euen that Medor that inioyes her loue.
Yon Caue beares witneſſe of their kinde content.
Yon medowes talk the actions of their ioy.
Our ſhepheards in their ſongs of Solace ſing,
Angelica doth none but Medor loue.
Orlando. Angelica doth none but Medor loue?
Shall Medor then poſſeſſe Orlandos loue?
Daintie and gladſome beames of my delight,
Delicious bowers, why ſmiles your heauen for thoſe
That wandring make you proue Orlandos foes?
Lend me your plaints, you ſweet Arcadian Nymphs,
That wont to waile your new departed loues:

Thou

Thou weeping floud, leaue Orpheus wayle for me,
And Tytons Neeces gather all in one
Thoſe fluent ſprings of your lamenting teares,
And let them flow alongſt my faintfull lookes.
Sbep. Now is the fire, late ſmothered in ſuſpect,
Kindled, and burnes within his angry breſt.
Now haue I done th: will of Sacrepant.
Orlan. *Fœmineum ſ: uile genus, crudele, ſuperbum;*
Diſcurteous women, Natures faireſt ill,
The woe of man, that firſt created curſe,
Baſe female ſexe, ſprung from blacke Ates loynes,
Proud, diſdainfull, cruell, and vniuſt:
Whoſe words are ſhaded with inchanting willes,
Worſe then Meduſa, mateth all our minds,
And in ther hearts ſits ſhameleſſe trechery
Turning a truthles vile circumference.
O could my furie paint their furies forth:
For hel's no hell compared to their hearts,
Too ſimple deuils to conceale their artes.
Borne to be plagues vnto the thoughts of men,
Brought for eternall peſtilence to the world.

O Femmenelle in genio de toute malle ſede,
Comete, vulge, mute, facbilmente,
Contrario, zeto, propria de la fede;
O infelice, miſerate, crede,
Importuna, ſuperbia, diſpetoze:
Preua de more, de fede, de conſilia,

Timmorare, crudele, ineque, ingrate,
Par peſtelenze eternall monde nate.

Villaine, what art thou that followeſt me?
Orgalio. Alas, my Lord, I am your ſeruant Orgalio.
Orlando. No Villaine, thou art Medor,
That ranſt away with Angelica.
Orga. No by my troth, my Lord, I am Orgalio,
Aske all theſe people elſe.
Orlando. Art thou Orgalio? tell me where Medor is.
Orga. My Lord, looke where he ſits.
Orlando. What, ſits he here, and braues me too?
Shep. No truely, Sir, I am not he.
Orlando. Yes Villaine.
He drawes him by the leg.
Orga. Helpe, helpe, my Lord of Aquitaine.

Enter the Duke of Aquitaine, and ſouldiers.

Orgalio. O, my Lord of Aquitaine, the Count Orlando is runne mad, and taking of a ſhepheard by the heeles, rends him as one would teare a Larke. See where he comes with a leg on his necke.

Enter Orlando with a leg.

Orlando. Villaine, prouide me ſtraight a Lyons skinne,
Thou ſeeſt I now am mightie Hercules:
Looke where's my maſſie club vpon my necke.
I muſt to hell, to ſeeke for Medor and Angelica,
Or elſe I dye.

You that are the reſt, get you quickely away,
Prouide ye horſes all of burniſht gold,
Saddles of Corke becauſe Ile haue them light:
For Charlemaine the great is vp in Armes.
And Arthur with a crue of Britons comes
To ſeeke for Medor and Angelica.

So he beateth them all in before him. *Manet Orgalio.*

Enter Marſillus.

Orgalio. Ah, my Lord Orlando.
Marſillus. Orlando, what of Orlando?
Orga. He, my Lord, runs madding through the woods,
Like mad Oreſtes in his greateſt rage.
Step but aſide into the bordring groue,
There ſhall you ſee ingrauen on euery tree,
The lawleſſe loue of Medor and Angelica.
O ſee, my Lord, not any ſhrub but beares
The curſed ſtampe that wrought the Counties rage.
If thou beeſt mightie King Marſillus,
For whom the Countie would aduenture life,
Reuenge it on the falſe Angelica.
Marſillus. Truſt me, Orgalio, Theſeus in his rage,
Did neuer more reuenge his wrongd Hyppolitus,
Then I will on the falſe Angelica.
Goe to my Court, and drag me Medor forth,
Teare from his breſt the daring villaines hart.
Next take that baſe and damn'd adultereſſe,

(I ſcorne to title her with daughters name:)
Put her in rags, and like ſome ſhepheardeſſe,
Exile her from my kingdome preſently.
Delay not, good Orgalio, ſee it done. *Exit Orgalio.*

Enter a ſouldier with Mandrecard diſguiſed.

How now, my friend, what fellow haſt thou there?
Sol. He ſayes, my Lord, that he is ſeruant vnto Mandre-
Marſillus. To Mandrecard? (card.
It fits me not to ſwaye the Diademe,
Or rule the wealthie Realmes of Barberie,
To ſtaine my thoughts with any cowardiſe.
Thy maſter brau'd me to my teeth,
He backt the Prince of Cuba for my foe,
For which, nor he, nor his ſhall ſcape my hands.
No, ſouldier, thinke me reſolute as he.
Mandre. It grieues me much, that Princes diſagree,
Sith blacke repentance followeth afterward.
But leauing that, pardon me, gracious Lord.
Marſillus. For thou intreatſt and newly art arriu'd,
And yet thy ſword is not imbrewd in blood,
Vpon conditions, I will pardon thee;
That thou ſhalt neuer tell thy maſter Mandrecard,
Nor any fellow ſouldier of the Campe,
That King Marſillus licenſt thee depart:
He ſhall not thinke I am ſo much his friend,
That he, or one of his ſhall ſcape my hand.
Mandre. I ſweare my Lord, and vow to keep my word.

Marſillus.

Marſillus. Then take my banderoll of red,
Mine, and none but mine ſhall honour thee,
And ſafe conduct thee to port Carthagene.
Mandre. But ſay, my Lord, if Mandrecard were here,
What fauour ſhould he finde, or life or death?
Marſillus. I tell thee, friend, it fits not for a king
To prize his wrath before his curtiſie.
Were Mandrecard the King of Mexico
In priſon here, and crau'd but libertie;
So little hate hangs in Marſillus breaſt,
As one intreatie ſhould quite race it out.
But this concernes not thee, therefore farewell.
Exit Marſillus.
Mandre. Thankes and good fortune fall to ſuch a king,
As couets to be counted curteous.
Bluſh, Mandrecard, the honour of thy foe diſgraceth thee.
Thou wrongeſt him that wiſheth thee but well.
Thou bringeſt ſtore of men from Mexico
To battraile him that ſcornes to iniure thee,
Pawning his colours for thy warrantize.
Backe to thy ſhips, and hie thee to thy home,
Bouge not a foote to ayd Prince Rodamant,
But friendly gratulate theſe fauours found,
And meditate on nought but to be friends. *Exit.*

Enter Orlando attired like a mad man.

Orlando. Woods, trees, leaues, leaues, trees, Woods:

tria sequuntur tria. Ho Minerua, *salue*, Good morrow, how do you to day? Tell me sweet Goddesse, will Ioue sende Mercurie to Calipso to let me goe? Will he? why then hees a Gentleman euery haire a the head on him. But ho, Orgalio, where art thou boy?

Orgalio. Here, my Lord: did you call me?

Orlando. No, nor name thee.

Orga. Then God be with you.

Orgalio proffers to goe in.

Orland. Nay, pree thee good Orgalio stay,
Canst thou not tell me what to say?

Orgalio. No, by my troth.

Orlando. O, this it is, Angelica is dead.

Orga. Why then she shall be buried.

Orlando. But my Angelica is dead.

Orgalio. Why it may be so.

Orlando. But shees dead and buried.

Orga. I, I thinke so.

Orlando. Nothing but I thinke so, and it may be so.

He beateth him.

Orga. What doe you meane, my Lord?

Orlando. Why, shall I tell thee that my loue is dead, and can ye not weepe for her?

Orgalio. Yes, yes, my Lord, I will.

Orlando. Well, doe so then. Orgalio.

Orgalio. My Lord.

Orlando. Angelica is dead.

Orgalio cryes.

Ah,

Ah, poore slaue: so, cry no more now.

Orgalio. Nay, I haue quickely done.

Orlan. Orgalio.

Orgalio. My Lord.

Orlando. Medors Angelica is dead.

Orgalio cryes, and Orlando beats him againe.

Orgalio. Why doe you beate me, my Lord?

Orlando. Why slaue, wilt thou weepe for Medors Angelica? thou must laugh for her.

Orgalio. Laugh? yes, Ile laugh all day and you will.

Orland. Orgalio.

Orgalio. My Lord?

Orlando. Medors Angelica is dead.

Orgalio. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Orlando. So, ti's well now.

Orgalio. Nay, this is easier then the other was.

Orlando. Now away, seek the herbe Moly, for I must to hell, to seeke for Medor and Angelica.

Orgalio. I know not the hearbe Moly, ifaith.

Orlando. Come, Ile lead ye to it, by the eares.

Orgalio. Ti's here, my Lord, ti's here.

Orlando. Ti's indeede: now to Charon, bid him dresse his boat, for he had neuer such a passenger.

Orgalio. Shall I tell your name? *Exit.*

Orlando. No, then he wil be afraid, and not be at home.

Enter two Clownes.

Thom. Sirra, Rafe, and thoul't goe with me, Ile let thee see the braueſt mad man that euer thou ſaweſt.

Rafe. Sirra, Tom: I beleeue it was hee that was at our towne a ſunday, Ile tell thee what he did, ſirra: he came to our houſe, when all our folkes were gone to Church, and there was no bodie at home but I, and I was turning of the ſpit, and hee comes in, and bad mee fetch him ſome drinke. Now I went and fetcht him ſome: and ere I came againe, by my troth hee ran away with the roſt-meate, ſpit and all, and ſo we had nothing but porredge to dinner.

Thom. By my troth that was braue: but ſirra, he did ſo courſe the boyes laſt ſunday: and if ye call him mad man, heele run after you, and tickle your ribs ſo with his flap of leather that he hath, as it paſſeth.

They ſpie Orlando.

Rafe. Oh, Tom, looke where he is, call him mad man.

Tom. Mad man, mad man.

Rafe. Mad man, mad man.

Orlando. What ſaieſt thou, villaine?

He beateth them.

So now you ſhall be both my ſouldiers.

Tom. Your ſouldiers, we ſhall haue a mad captaine then.

Orlan. You muſt fight againſt Medor.

Rafe. Yes, let me alone with him for a bloody noſe.

Orlan. Come then, and Ile giue you weapons ſtraite.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter

Enter Angelica like a poore woman.

Angeli. Thus causeleſſe baniſht from my natiue home,
Here ſit Angelica and reſt a while,
For to bewayle the fortune of thy loue.

Enter Rodamant and Brandemart, with ſouldiers.

Rodamant. This way ſhe went, and farre ſhe cannot be.
Brandemart. See where ſhe is, my Lord,
Speake as if yee knew her not.
Roda. Faire ſhepherdeſſe, for ſo thy ſitting ſeemes,
Or Nymph, for leſſe thy beautie cannot be:
What, feede you ſheepe vpon theſe downes?
Angeli. Daughter I am vnto a bordering Swaine,
That tend my flockes within theſe ſhady groues.
Roda. Fond gyrle, thou lieſt, thou art Angelica.
Branda. I, thou art ſhe, that wrongd the Palatine.
Angeli. For I am knowne, albeit I am diſguiſde,
Yet dare I turne the lie into thy throate,
Sith thou reportſt I wrongd the Palatine.
Branda. Nay, then thou ſhalt be vſed according to thy deſerts. Come, bring her to our tents.

Enter Orlando with a Drum, and ſouldiers with ſpits and dripping pans.

Brande. Now ſee, Angelica, the fruites of all your loue.
Orlan. Souldiers, this is the Citie of great Babylon,

Where proud Darius was rebated from:
Play but the men and I will lay my head,
Weele sacke and raze it er'e the sunne be set.
Clowne. Yea, and scratch it too.
March faire fellow frying pan.
Orlan. Orgalio, knowst thou the cause of my laughter?
Orgalio. No by my troth, nor no wise man else.
Orlan. Why, sirra, to thinke that if the enemie were fled er'e we come, we will not leaue one of our owne souldiers aliue, for we two will kill them with our fists.
Rafe. Fo, come, let's go home againe, heele set *Probatum est*, vpon my head peece anon.
Orlan. No, no, thou shalt not be hurt, nor thee:
Backe souldiers, looke where the enemie is.
Thom. Captaine, they haue a woman amongst them.
Orlan. And what of that?
Thom. Why, strike you downe the men, and then let me alone to thrust in the woman.
Orlan. No, I am challenged the single fight.
Sirra, ist you chalenge me the combate?
Bran. Franticke companion, lunaticke and wood,
Get thee hence, or else I vow by heauen,
Thy madnesse shall not priuiledge thy life.
Orlan. I tell thee, villaine, Medor wrongd me so,
Sith thou art come his Champion to the field,
Ile learne thee know, I am the Palatine.
Allarum. They fight, Orlando kils Brandemart, and all the rest flee, but Angelica.

Orgalio.

Orgalio. Looke, my Lord, here's one kild.
Orlando. Who kild him?
Orgalio. You, my Lord, I thinke.
Orlando. I? No, no, I see who kild him.
He goes to Angelica, and knowes her not.
Come hither gentle sir, whose prowesse hath performde such an act, thinke not the curetous Palatine will hinder that thine honour hath atchieued. Orgalio, fetch mee a sword, that presently this squire may be dubd a Knight.
Ange. Thanks, gentle Fortune, that sends me such good hap,
Rather to die by him I loue so deare,
Then liue and see my Lord thus lunaticke.
Orgalio. Here, my Lord.
Orlando. If thou beest come of Lancelots worthy line,
Welcome thou art.
Kneele downe sir Knight, rise vp sir Knight:
Here take this, sword, and hie thee to the fight.
Exit Angelica.
Now tell me, Orgalio, what dost thou thinke,
Will not this Knight proue a valiant Squire?
Orgalio. He cannot chuse being of your making.
Orlan. But where's Angelica now?
Orga. Faith, I cannot tell.
Orlan. Villaine, finde her out,
Or else the torments that Ixion feeles,
The rolling stone, the tubs of the Belides.
Villaine, wilt thou not finde her out?
Orga. Alas, my Lord, I know not where she is.

Orlando. Runne to Charlemaine, spare for no cost,
Tell him, Orlando sends for Angelica.
Orgalio. Faith, Ile fetch you such an Angelica as you neuer saw before. *Exit Orgalio.*
Orlan. As though that Sagitarius in his pride,
Could take braue Læda from stoute Iupiter?
And yet forsooth, Medor, base Medor durst
Attempt to reaue Orlando of his loue.
Sirra, you that are the messenger of Ioue,
You that can sweep it through the milke white path
That leads vnto the Senate house of Mars,
Fetch me my shielde tempered of purest steele,
My helme forg'd by the Cyclops for Anchises sonne,
And see if I dare not combate for Angelica.

Enter Orgalio with the Clowne dreste like Angelica.

Orgalio. Come away, and take heede you laugh not.
Clowne. No, I warrant you, but I thinke I had best goe backe and shaue my beard.
Orgalio. Tush, that will not be seene. (me.
Clo. Well, you will giue me the halfe crown ye promist
Orgalio. Doubt not of that, man.
Clo. Sirra, didst not see me serue the fellow a fine tricke, when we came ouer the Market place?
Orgalio. Why, what was that?
Clowne. Why, he comes to me, and sayd, Gentlewoman, wilt please you to take a pint or a quart? No Gentlewoman,

man, said I, but your friend and Doritie.
Orgalio. Excellent: come, see where my Lord is.
My Lord, here is Angelica.
Orlan. Mas thou sayst true, tis she indeed;
How faires the faire Angelica?
Clowne. Well, I thanke you heartily.
Orlan. Why, art thou not that faire Angelica,
Whose hiew as bright as faire Erythea
That darkes Canopus with her siluer hiew?
Clowne. Yes, forsooth.
Orlando. Are not these the beautious cheekes,
Wherein the Lillies and the natiue Rose
Sits equall suted with a blushing red?
Clo. He makes a garden plot in my face.
Orlando. Are not, my deare, those radiant eyes,
Whereout proud Phœbus flasheth out his beames?
Clo. Yes, yes, with squibs and crackers brauely.
Orlan. You are Angelica?
Clowne. Yes marrie am I.
Orlan. Wheres your sweet heart Medor?
Clowne. Orgalio, giue me eighteen pence, and let me go.
Orlando. Speake, strumpet, speake.
Clowne. Marry sir, he is drinking a pint or a quart. (loue:
Orlan. Why strumpet, worse then Mars his trothlesse
Falser thē faithles Cresida: strumpet thou shalt not scape.
Clowne. Come, come, yee doe not vse me like a Gentlewoman; and if I be not for you, I am for another.
Orlan. Are you? that will I trie.

He beateth him out.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the twelue Peeres of France, with drum, and trumpets.

Oger. Braue Peeres of France, sith wee haue past the bounds,
Whereby the wrangling billowes seeke for straites
To warre with Tellus, and her fruitfull mynes:
Sith we haue furrowd through these wandring tides
Of Tyrrhene seas, and made our galleys daunce
Vpon the Hyperborian billowes crests,
That braues with streames the watrie Occident:
And found the rich and wealthie Indian clime,
Sought to, by greedie mindes, for hurtfull gold:
Now let vs seeke to venge the Lampe of France,
That lately was eclipsed in Angelica.
Now let vs seeke Orlando forth, our Peere,
Though from his former wits lately estrang'd,
Yet famous in our fauours, as before.
And sith by chance we all encountred be,
Let's seeke reuenge on her, that wrought his wrong.
Names. But being thus arriu'd in place vnknowne,
Who shall direct our course vnto the Court,
Where braue Marsillus keepes his royall State?

Enter Marsillus and Mandrecard, like Palmers.

Oger. Loe here, two Indian Palmers hard at hand,
Who can perhaps resolue our hidden doubts.
Palmers, God speed.

Marsillus.

Marsillus. Lordings, we greet you well.
Oger. Where lies Marsillus Court, friend? canst thou tel?
Mar. His court is his campe, the Prince is now in armes.
Turp. In armes? what's he that dares annoy so great a king?
Mandre. Such as both loue and furie doeth confound.
Fierce Sacrepant, incenst with strange desires,
Warres on Marsillus: and Rodamant being dead,
Hath leuied all his men, and traitour like,
Assailes his Lord and louing soueraigne.
And Mandrecard, who late hath bene in Armes,
To prosecute reuenge against Marsillus,
Is now through fauours past become his friend.
Thus stands the state of matchlesse India.
Oger. Palmer, I like thy braue and briefe discourse:
And couldst thou bring vs to the Princes Campe,
We would acknowledge friendship at thy hands.
Marsil. Ye stranger Lords, why seeke ye out Marsillus?
Oliuer. In hope that he, whose Empire is so large,
Will make both minde and Monarchie agree. (here?
Marsil. Whence are you, Lordes, and what request you
Names. A question ouer hautie for thy weed,
Fit for the king himselfe for to propound.
Mandre. O sir, know that vnder simple weeds
The gods haue maskt: then deeme not with disdaine
To answere to this Palmers question,
Whose coate includes, perhaps as great as yours.
Oger. Hautie their words, their persons full of state,
Though habite be but meane, their mindes excell.

Wel, Palmers, know that Princes are in India arriu'd,
Yea euen those Westerne princely Peeres of France,
That through the world aduentures vndertake,
To finde Orlando late incenst with rage.
Then, Palmers, sith you know our stiles and state,
Aduise vs where your King Marsillus is.
Marsillus. Lordings of France, here is Marsillus,
That bids you welcome into India,
And will in person bring you to his Campe.
Oger. Marsillus, and thus disguisde?
Marsillus. Euen Marsillus, and thus disguised.
But what request these Princes at my hand?
Turpin. We sue for law and iustice at thy hand:
We seeke Angelica thy daughter out;
That wanton maide, that hath eclipst the ioy
Of royall France, and made Orlando mad.
Marsillus. My daughter, Lords, why shees exilde,
And her grieu'd father is content to lose
The pleasance of his age, to countnance law.
Oliuer. Not onely exile shall await Angelica,
But death and bitter death shall follow her.
Then yeeld vs right, Marsillus, or our swords
Shall make thee feare to wrong the Peeres of France.
Marsil. Words cannot daunt me, Princes, be assured:
But law and iustice shall ouerrule in this,
And I will burie fathers name and loue.
The hapleſſe maide banisht from out my land,
Wanders about in woods and waies vnknowne,

Her

Her if ye finde, with furie persecute,
I now disdaine the name to be her father.
Lords of France, what would you more of me.
Oger. Marsillus, we commend thy princely minde,
And will report thy iustice through the world.
Come, Peeres of France, lets seeke Angelica,
Left for a spoile to our reuenging thoughts.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Orlando like a Poet.

Orlan. Is not my loue like those purple coloured Swans,
That gallop by the Coach of Cynthia?
Orgalio. Yes marry is she, my Lord.
Orlan. Is not her face siluer'd like that white milke shape,
When Ioue came dauncing downe to Semele?
Orgalio. It is, my Lord.
Orlan. Then goe thy wayes and clime vp to the Clowds,
And tell Apollo that Orlando sits,
Making of verses for Angelica.
And if he doe deny to send me downe
The shirt which Deianyra sent to Hercules,
To make me braue vpon my wedding day;
Tell him, Ile passe the Alpes, and vp to Meroe,
(I know he knowes that warrie lakish hill)
And pull the harpe out of the minstrels hands,
And pawne it vnto louely Proserpine,
That she may fetch the faire Angelica.

Orgalio. But my Lorde, Apollo is asleepe, and will not heare me.

Orlando. Then tell him he is a sleepie knaue: But sirra, let no man trouble mee, for I must lie downe a while, and talke with the starres.

Enter a Fidler.

Orgalio. What, old acquaintance? well met.

Fidler. Ho, you would haue me play Angelica againe, would ye not?

Orgalio. No, but I can tell thee where thou mayest earne two or three shillings this morning, euen with the turning of a hand.

Fidler. Two or three shillings? tush, thou wolt couzen me thou: but and thou canst tell where I may earne a groat, Ile giue thee sixe pence for thy paines.

Orgalio. Then play a fit of mirth to my Lord.

Fidler. Why, he is mad still, is he not?

Orgalio. No, no, come play.

Fidler. At which side doeth he vse to giue his reward?

Orgalio. Why, of any side.

Fidl. Doth he not vse to throw the chamber pot sometimes? T'would grieue me he should wet my fiddle strings.

Orgalio. Tush, I warrant thee.

He playes and sings any odde toy, and Orlando wakes.

Orlando. Who is this? Shan Cuttelero? heartily welcome, Shan Cuttelero.

Fidler. No sir, you should haue said, Shan the Fidideldero.

Orlando. What, hast thou brought me a sword?

He takes away his Fiddle.

Fidler. A sword? No sir, thats my fiddle.

Orlando. But doest thou thinke the temper to be good?
And wil it hold, when thus, and thus, we Medor do assaile?

He strikes and beates him with the Fiddle.

Fidler. Lord, sir, youle breake my liuing.
You told me your master was not mad.

Orlan. Tell me, what hast thou mard my sword?
The pummel's well, the blade is curtall short.
Villaine, why hast thou made it so?

Fidler. O Lord, sir, will you answere this?

He breakes it about his head. *Exit Fidler.*

Enter Melissa with a glasse of wine.

Orlando. Orgalio, who is this?

Orgalio. Faith, my Lord, some olde witch, I thinke.

Melissa. O, that my Lord would but conceite my tale:
Then would I speake, and hope to finde redresse.

Orlando. Faire Polixena, the pride of Ilion,
Feare not Achilles ouer madding boy,
Pyrrus shall not, &c.

Sounes, Orgalio, why ſuffereſt thou this old trot, to come ſo nigh me?

Orgalio. Come, come, ſtand by, your breath ſtinkes.

Orlan. What, be all the Troianes fled?
Then giue me ſome drinke.

Meliſſa. Here, Palatine, drinke, and euer bee thou better for this draught.

Orlan. What's here, the paltrie bottle that Darius quaft?

He drinkes, and she charmes him with her wand, and he lies downe to ſleepe.

Elſe would I ſet my mouth to Tygres ſtreames,
And drinke vp ouerflowing Euphrates.
Mine eyes are heauie, and I needes muſt ſleepe.

Meliſſa ſtriketh with her wande, and the Satyres enter with muſicke, and play round about him: which done, they ſtay, he awaketh and ſpeakes.

What ſhewes are theſe, that fill mine eyes
With view of ſuch regard as heauen admires,
To ſee my ſlumbring dreames?
Skies are fulfild with lampes of laſting ioy,
That boaſt the pride of haught Latonas ſonne,
He lightneth all the candles of the night.
Nymoſene hath kiſt the kingly Ioue,
And entertaind a feaſt within my braines,

Making

Making her daughter solace on my brow,
Me thinks I feele how Cynthya tunes conceites
Of sad repent, and meloweth those desires
Which phrensies scares had ripened in my head.
Ate, Ile kisse thy restlesse cheeke a while,
And suffer vile repent to bide controll.

He lieth downe againe.

Melissa. *O vos Siluani, Satyri, Faunique, Deæque,*
Nymphæ Hamadriades, Driades, Persæque potentes,
O vos qui colites lacusque locosque profundos,
Infernasque domus, & nigra palatia Ditis:
Tuque Demogorgon qui noctis fata gubernas,
Qui regis infernum, solemque, solumque, cœlumque,
Exaudite preces, filiasque auferte micantes,
In caput Orlandi cœlestes spargite lympus,
Spargite, quis misere reuocetur raptator vmbras
Orlando infelix anima.

Then let musicke play before him,
and so goe forth.

Orlando. What sights, what shewes, what fearefull shapes are these?
More dreadfull then appeard to Hecuba,
When fall of Troy was figured in her sleepe.
Iuno, me thought, sent downe from heauen by Ioue,

Came swiftly sweeping through the gloomy ayre:
And calling Fame, the Satyres, and the Nymphes,
She gaue them viols full of heauenly dew.
With that mounted on her parti-coloured Coach,
Being drawne with Peacockes proudly through the ayre,
She flew with Iris to the sphere of loue.
What fearefull thoughts arise vpon this shew?
What desert groue is this? How thus disguised?
Where is Orgalio?

Orgalio. Here, my Lord.

Orlan. Sirra, how came I thus disguised,
Like mad Orestes, quaintly thus disguised?

Orgalio. Like mad Orestes? Nay, my Lord, you may boldely iustifie the comparison: for Orestes was neuer so mad in his life, as you were. (me?

Orlando. What, was I mad? what furie hath inchanted

Melissa. A furie worse then Megera was,
That reft her sonne from trustie Pilades.

Orlan. Why, what art thou, some Sybel, or some goddesse, freely speake?

Melissa. Time not affoords to tell each circumstance.
But thrice hath Cynthia chang'd her hiew,
Since thou infected with a lunasie,
Hast gadded vp and downe these lands and groues,
Performing strange and ruthfull stratagemes,
All for the loue of faire Angelica,
Whom thou, with Medor, didst suppose plaid false.
But Sacrepant had grauen these rundelayes,

To

To sting thee with infecting iealousie.
The swaine that tolde thee of their oft conuerse,
Was seruant vnto Countie Sacrepant:
And trust me, Orlando, Angelica, though true to thee,
Is banisht from the Court,
And Sacrepant this day bids battell to Marsillus.
The armies readie are to giue assaile,
And on a hill that ouerpeeres them both,
Stand all the worthie matchlesse Peeres of France:
Who are in quest to seeke Orlando out.
Muse not at this, for I haue tolde thee true,
I am she that cured thy disease:
Here take these weapons, giuen thee by the fates,
And hie thee, Countie, to the battell straight.
Orlando. Thankes, sacred goddesse, for thy helping hand.
Thither will I hie to be reueng'd.

Allarums. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Sacrepant crowned, and pursuing Marsillus and Mandrecard.

Sacrepant. Viceroyes, you are dead:
For Sacrepant alreadie crown'd a king,
Heaues vp his sword to haue your Diademes.
Marsillus. Traitour, not dead, nor any whit dismaide,
For deare we prize the smallest droppe of blood.

Enter Orlando with a ſcarfe before his face.

Orlando. Stay, Princes, baſe not your ſelues, to combate ſuch a dog.
Mount on your Courſers, follow thoſe that flee,
And let your conquering ſwords be tainted in their bloods.
Paſſe ye for him, he ſhall be combated.

Exeunt Kings.

Sacre. Why, what art thou that braueſt me thus?
Orlando. I am, thou ſeeſt, a mercenarie ſouldier,
Homely, yet of ſuch hautie thoughts,
As nought can ſerue to quench th'aſpiring thoughts
That burne as doe the fires of Cicely,
Vnleſſe I win that princely Diademe,
That ſeemes ſo ill vpon thy cowards head.
Sacrepant. Coward? To armes, ſir boy, I will not brooke theſe braues,
If Mars himſelfe euen from his firie throne,
Came arm'd with all his furnitures of warre.

They fight.

Oh, villaine, thou haſt ſlaine a Prince.
Orlando. Then mayeſt thou thinke that Mars himſelfe came downe to vaile thy plumes, and heaue thee from thy pompe.
Proude that thou art, I recke not of thy gree,

But I will haue the conqueſt of my ſword,
Which is the glorie of thy diademe. (Moore,
Sacrepant. Theſe words bewraie thou art no baſe borne
But by diſcent ſprung from ſome royall line,
Then freely tell me, what's thy name?
Orlando. Nay, firſt let me know thine.
Sacrepant. Then know we, that thou haſt ſlaine Prince
Sacrepant.
Orlan. Sacrepant? Then let me at thy dying day intreate,
By that ſame ſphere wherein thy ſoule ſhall reſt,
If Ioue denye not paſſage to thy ghoſt,
Thou tell me whether thou wrongdſt Angelica or no.
Sacre. O, that's the ſting that pricks my conſcience,
O, thats the hell my thoughts abhorre to thinke:
I tell thee, knight, for thou doeſt ſeeme no leſſe,
That I ingraued the roundelayes on the trees,
And hung the ſedulet of poore Medors loue,
Intending ſo to breed debate,
Betweene Orlando and Angelica:
O, thus I wrongd Orlando and Angelica.
Now tell me, what ſhall I call thy name?
Orlando. Then dead is the fatall authour of my ill,
Baſe villaine, vaſſall, vnworthy of a crowne,
Know that the man that ſtrooke the fatall ſtroke,
Is Orlando the Countie Palatine,
Whom fortune ſent to quittance all my wrongs.
Thou foyld and ſlaine, it now behooues me ſtraight
To hie me faſt to maſſacre thy men.

And so farewell thou deuill in shape of man.

Exit Orlando.

Sacrepant. Hath Demogorgon, ruler of the fates,
Set such a balefull period on my life,
As none might ende the dayes of Sacrepant,
But mightie Orlando riuall of my loue?
Now holde the fatall murderers of men,
The sharpned knife readie to cut my thread,
Ending the scene of all my tragedie:
This day, this houre, this minute ends the dayes
Of him that liued worthy old Nestors age.
Phœbus put out thy sable sured wreathe,
Clad all thy spheres in darke and mourning weedes,
Parcht be the earth to drinke vp euery spring,
Let corne and trees be blasted from aboue,
Heauen turne to brasse, and earth to wedge of steele,
The world to cinders, Mars come thundring downe,
And neuer sheathe thy swift reuenging sword,
Till, like the deluge in Dewcalions dayes,
The highest mountaines swimme in streames of blood.
Heauen, earth, men, beasts, and euery liuing thing,
Consume and end with Countie Sacrepant.

He dyes.

Enter Marsillus, Mandrecard, and twelue Peeres with Angelica.

Marsillus. Fought is the fielde, and Sacrepant is slaine,

With

With such a massacre of all his men,
As Mars descending in his purple robe,
Vowes with Bellona in whole heapes of blood,
To banquet all the demie gods of warre.
Mandrecard. See where hee lyes slaughtered without the Campe,
And by a simple swaine, a mercenarie,
Who brauely tooke the combate to himselfe:
Might I but know the man that did the deede,
I would, my Lord, eternize him with fame.
Oger. Leauing the factious Countie to his death,
Command, my Lord, his body be conuai'd
Vnto some place, as likes your Highnes best.
See, Marsillus, poasting through Affrica,
We haue founde this stragling girle Angelica,
Who, for she wrong'd her loue Orlando,
Chiefest of the Westerne Peeres,
Conuersing with so meane a man as Medor was,
We will haue her punisht by the lawes of France,
To ende her burning loue in flames of fire. (worst.)
Marsillus. Beshrew you, Lordings, but you doe your
Fire, famine, and as cruell death,
As fell to Neros mother in his rage.
Angelica. Father, if I may dare to call thee so,
And Lords of France, come from the Westerne seas,
In quest to finde mightie Orlando out,
Yet ere I die, let me haue leaue to say,
Angelica held euer in her thoughts

Moſt deare the loue of Countie Palatine:
What wretch hath wrongd vs with ſuſpect of loue,
I know not, I, nor can excuſe the man:
But by the heauens, whereto my ſoule ſhall flee,
Angelica did neuer wrong Orlando.
I ſpeake not this, as one that cares to liue,
For why, my thoughts are fully malecont,
And I coniure you by your Chiualrie,
You quit Orlandos wrong vpon Angelica.

Enter Orlando with a ſcarfe before his face.

Oliuer. Strumpet, feare not, for by faire Mayas ſonne,
This day thy ſoule ſhall vaniſh vp in fire,
As Semele when Iuno wil'd the the trull,
To entertaine the glory of her loue.
Orlando. Frenchman, for ſo thy quaint aray imports,
Be thou a Piere, or be thou Charlemaine,
Or hadſt thou Hector or Achilles heart,
Or neuer daunted thoughts of Hercules,
That did in courage farre ſurpaſſe them all,
I tell thee, ſir, thou lieſt in thy throate,
The greateſt braue tranſalpine France can brooke,
In ſaying that ſacred Angelica
Did offer wrong vnto the Palatine.
I am a common mercenary ſouldier;
Yet for I ſee my Princeſſe is abuſde

By

By new come ſtraglers from a forren coaſt,
I dare the proudeſt of theſe Weſterne Lords
To cracke a blade in triall of her right.
Mandre. Why, fooliſh hardie daring ſimple groome,
Follower of fond conceited Phaeton:
Knoweſt thou to whome thou ſpeakſt?
Marſillus. Braue ſouldier (for ſo much thy courage ſaies)
Theſe men are Princes, dipt within the blood
Of Kings moſt royall, ſeated in the Weſt,
Vnfit to accept a challenge at your hand.
Yet thanks, that thou wouldſt in thy Lords defence
Fight for my daughter, but her guilt is knowne.
Angelica. I, reſt thee ſouldier, Angelica is falſe,
Falſe, for ſhe hath no triall of her right:
Souldier, let me die for the miſſe of all.
Wer't thou as ſtout as was proud Theſeus,
In vaine thy blade ſhould offer my defence:
For why, theſe be the champions of the world,
Twelue Peeres of France, that neuer yet were foild.
Orlando. How Madam, the twelue Peeres of France?
Why, let them be twelue deuils of hell:
What I haue ſaid, Ile pawne my ſword,
To ſeale it on the ſhield of him that dares
Malgrado of his honour combate me.
Oliuer. Marrie, ſir, that dare I.
Orlando. Y'ar a welcome man, ſir. (know,
Turpin. Chaſtice the groome (Oliuer) and learne him
We are not like the boyes of Affrica.

Orlando. Heare you, ſir? You that ſo peremptorily bad him fight,
Prepare your weapons, for your turne is next,
Tis not one Champion that can diſcourage me:
Come, are ye readie?

He fighteth firſt with one, and then with another: and ouercomes them both.

So, ſtand aſide, and Madame, if my fortune laſt it out,
Ile gard your perſon with twelue Peeres of France.
Oger. Oh, Oger, how canſt thou ſtand, and ſee a ſlaue
Diſgrace the houſe of France? Sirra, prepare you,
For angry Nemeſis ſits on my ſword to be reueng'd.
Orlando. Well ſaid, French man, you haue made a goodly oration: but you had beſt to vſe your ſword better, leaſt I beſwinge you.

They fight a good while, and then breathe.

Oger. How ſo e're diſguis'd, in baſe or Indian ſhape,
Oger can well diſcerne thee by thy blowes,
For either thou art Orlando, or the deuill.
Orlando. Then to aſſure you that I am no deuill,
Here's your friend and companion, Orlando.
Oger. And none can be more glad then Oger is,
That he hath found his Couſin, in his ſenſe.
Oliuer. When as I felt his blowes vpon my ſhield,

My

My teeth did chatter, and my thoughts conceiu'de,
Who might this be, if not the Palatine?
Turpin. So had I ſaid, but that report did tell,
My Lord was troubled with a lunacie.
Orlando. So was I, Lordings, but giue me leaue a while,
Humbly as Mars did to his Paramour,
So to ſubmit to faire Angelica.
Pardon, thy Lord, faire ſaint Angelica,
Whoſe loue, ſtealing by ſteps into extreames,
Grew by ſuſpition to a cauſeleſſe lunacie.
Angelica. O no, my Lord, but pardon my amiſſe,
For had not Orlando loued Angelica,
Ne're had my Lord falne into theſe extreames,
Which we will parly priuate to our ſelues:
Ne're was the Queene of Cypreſſe halfe ſo glad,
As is Angelica to ſee her Lord,
Her deare Orlando, ſettled in his ſenſe.
Orlando. Thankes, my ſweet loue.
But why ſtands the Prince of Affrica
And Mandrecard the King of Mexico,
So deepe in dumps, when all reioyce beſide?
Firſt know, my Lord, I ſlaughtred Sacrepant,
I am the man that did the ſlaue to death:
Who frankely there did make confeſsion,
That he ingrau'de the Roundelayes on the trees,
And hung the ſchedules of poore Medors loue,
Entending by ſuſpect to breed debate,
Deepely twixt me, and faire Angelica:

His hope had hap, but we had all the harme,
And now reuenge leaping from out the ſeate,
Of him that may command ſterne Nemeſis,
Hath powrde thoſe treaſons iuſtly on his head.
What ſaith my gracious Lord to this?
Marſillus. I ſtand amazde, deepe ouerdrencht with ioy,
To heare and ſee this vnexpected ende,
So well I reſt content: you Peeres of France,
Sith it is prou'd Angelica is cleare,
Her, and my Crowne I freely will beſtow
Vpon Orlando, the Countie Palatine.
Orlando. Thankes, my good Lorde: and nowe my friendes of France,
Frollicke, be merry, we will haſten home,
So ſoone as king Marſillus will conſent
To let his daughter wend with vs to France.
Meane while, weele richly rigge vp all our Fleete,
More braue then was that gallant Grecian keele,
That brought away the Colchyan fleece of golde.
Our Sailes of Sendall ſpred into the winde,
Our ropes and tacklings all of fineſt ſilke,
Fetcht from the natiue loomes of labouring wormes,
The pride of Barbarie, and the glorious wealth
That is tranſported by the Weſterne bounds:
Our ſtems cut out of gleming Iuorie,
Our planks and ſides framde out of Cypreſſe wood,
That beares the name of Cypariſſus change,
To burſt the billowes of the Ocean Sea,

Where

Where Phœbus dips his amber-treſſes oft,
And kiſſes Thetis in the dayes decline:
That Neptune proude ſhall call his Trytons forth,
To couer all the Ocean with a calme:
So rich ſhall be the rubbiſh of our Barkes,
Tane here for ballas to the Ports of France,
That Charles himſelfe ſhall wonder at the ſight.
Thus, Lordings, when our banquettings be done,
And Orlando eſpowſed to Angelica,
Weele furrowe through the mouing Ocean,
And cheerely frollicke with great Charlemaine.

FINIS.